

America's Immortals

Most striking instances of gallantry for which the Distinguished Service Cross has been awarded

The cold language of the official records cannot convey the thrill that is to be found in every line of each of the little stories that appear below. These stories describe in plain, matter-of-fact language feats of the most unusual heroism performed by members of the American army in France. They are the most notable of thousands of cases of exceptional bravery for which the Distinguished Service Cross was awarded on recommendation of General Pershing.

JOHN C. LATHAM,
Sergeant, M. G. Co., 107th Infantry.

Sergeant Latham was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action near Le Cotelet, France, September 20, 1918. Becoming separated from their platoon by a smoke barrage, Sergeant Latham, Sergeant Alan L. Ekers and Corporal Thomas F. O'Brien took cover in a shell hole well within the enemy's lines. Upon hearing a call for help from an American tank, which had become disabled thirty yards from them, these three soldiers left their shelter and started toward the tank under heavy fire from German machine guns and trench mortars. In crossing the fire-swept area, Corporal O'Brien was mortally wounded, but his companions, undeterred, proceeded to the tank, rescued a wounded officer and assisted two wounded soldiers to cover in the sap of a nearby trench. Sergeant Latham and Sergeant Ekers then returned to the tank in the face of the violent fire, dismounted a Maxim gun and took it back to where the wounded men were, keeping off the enemy all day by effective use of the gun, and later bringing it, with the wounded men, back to our lines, under cover of darkness. His home address is Knotts View, Winderhurst, Westmoreland, England.

CHARLES W. WHITTLESEY,
Major, 308th Infantry.

Major Whittlesey, the hero of the "go to hell" refusal to surrender, was decorated for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action with the enemy northwest of Hamelville, in the Forest d'Avronville, France, October 2, 7, 1918. Although cut off for five days from the remainder of his division, Major Whittlesey maintained his position which he had reached under orders received on an advance and held together his command, consisting originally of soldiers and men of the 308th Infantry and Company K of the 307th Infantry, in the face of a superior number of the enemy during the five days. Major Whittlesey and his command were then cut off and no ration or other supplies reached him in spite of determined efforts which were made by his division. On the fourth day Major Whittlesey received from the enemy a written proposition to surrender which he treated with contempt, although he was at that time out of rations and had suffered a loss of about 30 per cent of killed and wounded on his command and was surrounded by the enemy. His home is in Pittsburgh, Pa.

GRANNIS I. SYVERSON,
Private, Company C, Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. M. C.

Private Syversen was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action near St. Etienne, France, October 3, 1918. When our advance infantry was forced to withdraw, Private Syversen's machine gun crew refused to withdraw, but calmly set up their machine gun. The gun was hit by a bursting hand grenade which also injured two members of the crew. Despite these injuries they then calmly reset the gun and opened fire on the advancing Germans when twenty feet distant, causing the Germans to break and retreat in disorder. Private Syversen's home address is 1244 Sullivan street, Seattle, Wash.

HENRY W. PHILBLAD,
Corporal, 78th Co., 8th Regiment, U. S. M. C.

Corporal Philblad (deceased) was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action at Blanc Mont, France, October 3, 1918. Corporal Philblad advanced alone on two machine gun posts, which he captured, killing several of the enemy with his pistol. Two hours later he rushed forward with two other soldiers and was attacking another machine gun post when he was killed by shrapnel. His home was in Knoxville, Ill.

YOUMAN F. WEEKS,
Corporal, Company F, 118th Infantry.

Corporal Weeks was decorated for extraordinary heroism in action near Bel-Rosier, France, September 30 and October 8, 1918. Corporal Weeks, on the morning of September 30, when two enemy machine guns were making a part of the line untenable, advanced across open ground upon one of these guns, rushed the position alone, cap-

tured the gun and five of the enemy and shot down the sixth, who endeavored to escape. By this gallant act, Corporal Weeks prevented the enemy from enfilading our position and thereby saved the lives of many of his comrades. In a later advance while leading his men in an attack upon an enemy machine gun nest, Corporal Weeks was killed. His home was at Colleton, S. C.

FREDERICK M. LINTON,
First Lieutenant, 104th Infantry.

Conspicuous gallantry in action near Marcheville, France, September 25 and 26, won the Distinguished Service Cross for Lieutenant Linton. He volunteered and carried a message from his line to the rear at a time when a heavy barrage and terrific machine gun fire of the enemy had made access almost impossible. When returning he brought up with him a platoon of re-inforcements, and led them through the bombarded area. Knowing that the town of Marcheville was in the hands of the enemy, he unhesitatingly assumed the command of a patrol, and led it in a counter-attack against the town, recapturing it, and after being wounded retained control and held his ground until his platoon was rescued under cover of darkness. It was while defending his position that he received a second and fatal wound.

WILLIS P. SNYDER,
Private, Company D, 150th M. G. B.

Private Snyder won the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous bravery in action near Reims, France, July 15, 1918. After all the other members of his detachment had become casualties while defending a position in front of an infantry company, Private Snyder continued to operate a machine gun alone against an attacking party of Prussian Guards, and succeeded in driving them off. He then returned to our lines, attempting to carry back his wounded comrade with him, until he was himself wounded. Private Snyder's home is with his mother, Mrs. Kate Snyder, 1237 Cotton street, Reading, Pa.

WILLIAM SAWELSON,
Sergeant, Company M, 312th Infantry.

Sergeant Sawelson, whose home was at Harrison, N. J., was killed while seeking to aid a wounded comrade at Grand-Pre, France, October 25, 1918. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Hearing a wounded man in a shell hole some distance away calling for water, Sergeant Sawelson, upon his own initiative, left shelter and crawled through heavy machine gun fire to where the man lay, giving him what water he had in his canteen. He then went back to his own shell hole, obtained more water and was returning to the wounded man, when he was killed by a machine gun bullet.

ANIELLO SPAMANATO,
Private, Company L, 357th Infantry.

Private Spamanato was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action near Montfaucon, France, October 25, 1918. Private Spamanato was on patrol with three other soldiers when they were fired upon by a hostile machine gun fifty yards in advance of the line. After several hand grenades had been thrown at the machine gun nest, one of the crew was seen crawling away. Private Spamanato killed this man with his rifle and then rushed the nest alone, capturing the gun and the three surviving members of the crew, two others having been killed by the grenades. Private Spamanato's wife lives in Seattle province, Caserio, Italy.

HENRY S. BOGAN,
Sergeant, 78th Co., Sixth Regiment, U. S. M. C.

For extraordinary heroism in action near Blanc Mont, France, October 3, 1918, Sergeant Bogan was awarded a bar to be worn with the Distinguished Service Cross that had previously been awarded to him. During the attack on Blanc Mont, Sergeant Bogan, without aid, captured three machine gun nests, and after being wounded took thirty prisoners. He himself escorted these prisoners to the rear rather than have the line weakened by taking men for this duty. His home is with his mother, Mrs. Sallie Bogan, Franklin, Ky.

JOHN H. PRUITT,
Corporal, 78th Company, 8th Regiment, U. S. M. C.

Corporal Pruitt, whose home was with his mother, Mrs. Belle Pruitt, Ray, Ark., was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action with the enemy at Blanc Mont Ridge, France, October 3, 1918. Corporal Pruitt, single-handed, attacked two machine guns, capturing them and killing two of the enemy. He then captured forty prisoners in a short time. This gallant soldier was killed soon afterward by shell fire while he was subduing the enemy.

JAMES EARNEST KARNES,
Sergeant, Company D, 117th Infantry.

Sergeant Karnes, whose home is with his mother, Mrs. Emily Karnes, 2301 North Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn., was decorated for extraordinary heroism in action near Estrees, France, October 8, 1918. During an advance, Sergeant Karnes' company was held up by a machine gun, which was enfilading the lines. Accompanied by another member of his company, he advanced against this position and succeeded in reducing the nest by killing three and capturing seven of the enemy and his guns.

TOOK THE STRANGER'S BOAT

Experience That Proved Decidedly Enthralling to Fair Game in Northern Indiana Woods.

I was one of a party visiting Lake "Waukegan" in northern Indiana. One of the party who expected to remain all summer pointed out a sailboat which he said he had bought from parties leaving the lake. The boat was not to be seen, however, until the next day, when I did not know.

Happening down at the pier with one of two of our party, I observed that we had the boat, when I felt perfectly free to go with him. I had never sailed before, but had a lot of the others.

We had quite a start when the former owner came down to the beach with a party of seven. He had invited for a ride, and for that reason had prepared some things until the next day. He seemed to be in a hurry, and I did not know how to turn about and beat sailing away, as he thought, perhaps.

We crossed the lake, landed on the other side, then got around back all right. He was naturally somewhat indignant, and as he was a perfect stranger I was much interested, and of course had no good excuse for running away with his boat—a large Tebban.

HE WOULD, INDEED



He—Darling, when you're in my arms every button is left to me like magic.

She—Wait till I've set here for an hour or so, you'll change your idea.

SKUNK HAS MUCH VALUE.

The skunk, or the muskrat, is probably the foremost game animal in New York state in point of value, even though the most untheoretical.

This statement is made on the authority of George R. Pratt, state conservation commissioner, who is in a position to know more about the details of the state's wild charges than any other person. He made the observation after considering a report just submitted to him that 50,000 skins were taken in New York last year. Their raw fur was worth the market with an average value of \$1 an ounce more than \$1,000,000. "No furrier," he says, "traps." Mr. Pratt declared.

HAD ONE QUALIFICATION.

An English count, looking for a place in Ireland recently, found it necessary to put up for the night at a country hotel, when he was obliged to share a bedroom with Pat.

He was just about to retire when our hero, who was waiting him, suddenly remarked:

"You should be a powerful grand singer, mister."

"How so?" inquired the count.

"See you have the side legs of a gnat?" answered Pat.

IDLE.

"I don't see why a big healthy man like you should be out of work." "I have the best of the world, in fact, my troubles are due to the weather entirely."

"The weather?" "Yes, mister, I'm a professional snow shoveler."

HOW HE SECURED PEACE.

"My wife has never quite answered me back of wanted her own way."

"How on earth did you manage to get a wife like that?"

"Really don't know, mister."

—London Answer.

POOR STUFF.

Editor—This poem was written by a lawyer. Has it any value?

Editor (glancing through it): About as much value as a lawyer's opinion written by a judge.—Rome Transcript.

On the Long Way Round

By A. JERROLD TIETJE

(Copyright.)

Anxiety behind the screen of the screen bushes, Jack Ford shivered down his portmanteau, and began to brush the dust from his new gray trousers and rubber shoes.

To have his arrival at an out-of-the-way station in the Adirondicks delayed by an accident, till the midnight hour of 3:30 a. m., to have found no conveyance, and to have been forced to walk four miles along a lilly road, had not pleased the Adirondicks' new chauffeur.

Nevertheless, as Ford's keen gray eyes scanned the visage of his master-to-be, annoyance gave way to satisfaction.

The house, velvet lawns, edged with geraniums and asters; the tennis courts; the gravelled walks sweeping up to the porte-cochere of the Elizabethan house, on the chateaux, of which illumined the first rays of the sun of these brought a gleam of pleasure to the chauffeur's features. His had evidently fallen into a summer of idleness.

Suddenly Ford's glance, in its rapid survey, halted upon the veranda. Even this early, it seemed, someone was sitting. There was a sketch of dining white skirts and a flutter down the stairs. The girl was pretty, Ford, no more judge, ventured that. The brown hair, rippling in laughing disarray about the shoulders, the tenderly and face, the light step, promised well.

Minutely as the figure drew nearer, Ford found himself measuring the girl, as he did all others, by Lucy.

He judged her twenty-two; that would be Lucy's age. And if Lucy had lost her word last summer, but perhaps the rich girl had only played with him. As soon as she came upon the first floor of his poverty she had faded away. At the hotel, when he had called the last morning, there had been nearly a note with some cruel lines about the necessity of luxuries, the note she was accustomed to, etc.

The four music in her hand called Ford back from his reveries. Lucy had looked like that—an enchanting, woodland note.

Especially he peered through a leafy crevice. The girl, her head tilted back, was laughing at a great bill pup tearing across from the kennels. In its frantic haste the animal had tripped and moved upon a yard of turf.

"Poor Skip!" the girl said. "Come on, then."

As she turned to continue her stroll, the pup, bounding up and down, licking her hands furiously, the girl's face came into full view.

Ford stiffened. The chin, the upthrust of the nose—the straight, white forehead, glimpsed between the waves of hair—above all, the deep hazel eyes, facing life so openly—these had been Lucy's. This was Lucy.

Ford had half seen a girl at the scene square two months before—and this was the girl. He bounded through the bushes, their delicate petals showering about his head as a wood god's.

"Lucy!" The cry was sharp and sudden. The girl paused and started. But Ford would have sworn her lips shaped "Jack."

If so, this girl, so like Lucy, gained her balance rapidly.

"Down, Skip!" she said to the growling dog.

Then, turning to the man she went on, with an intense calmness: "You are mistaken. I think. My name is Adair—Ellen Adair."

But the man was not to be put off. "Lucy? you don't know," he began. The dog had ceased snarling.

"I assure you," she repeated, "my name is not Lucy; there is no Lucy here. Come, Skip."

In impatience Ford followed the rustle of the white skirts over the gravel. The girl, whoever she was, was brave. The chin had not quivered; she was not quickening her steps. But—this she was not Lucy! Lucy's hair, voice, walk, eyes, and yet not Lucy! It was monstrous. It could not be.

And then, in a flash, truth dawned upon him.

It was Lucy.

But if chauffeurs have griefs they also have duties.

Only three hours later, before the porte-cochere stood the small, one-seated automobile, idly the new chauffeur, still in his "gentleman's" clothes, wondered why this machine had been ordered to convey a guest to the train, then allowed his thoughts to drift to Lucy.

"Mr. Ford, the mistress says Miss Lucy must be sure and make the eight."

Ford was lost in a maze of wonderment. For the face that was, turning pale beneath its mesh of lace, even as he added the girl to her seat, was the one he had seen in the morning, the face of Lucy.

For a short space the two watched the white ribbon of road unwinding before them.

But the man's chance had come.

"So you are Lucy?" he said. The girl's cheeks went a dull red, but the hazel eyes did not lift from the road.

"Yes, I am Lucy—here at the Adairs. I fled this morning."

"Lucy what? Still Van Sant, as last summer? Or Adair?" Into his tones there crept a furtive sneer.

The girl's voice remained even. "Still Lucy Van Sant."

"I should like to tell you something," Ford began finally. "Still I—" He half-served the machine in the direction of a secluded pond.

The girl seemed to hesitate. The hazel eyes were flashing. "Why do you worry me—now?" she questioned.

"Now?"

"Yes, now," the girl repeated. "Isn't it too late? I asked the rest of you, and you—declined."

The machine swerved erratically. The man's voice was hoarse. "The test?"

The girl nodded. Her calmness was returning.

"But," the man hurried on, "I don't know what you mean by the test. No—he waved aside her quick start—"let me tell you my side of the story. Last summer at the beach I perished as Jack Remell, a rich young fellow from Hoboken. In reality I was what I am now."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed.

"I met you. I loved you. But I fought against it. I had only a little money. You were rich. And at first, even if you came to care, I didn't see—"

"Then that night by the Needles—I found you were. I couldn't tell you who I was—there. But in my room I resolved to tell you everything the next morning."

Open-eyed, the girl's white face had been growing whiter.

"And ask you to marry me—poor as I was. In the morning I hurried to your hotel. They said you had gone. They gave me a note. Here it is."

From his pocket Ford drew a crumpled sheet of paper. Bending forward the girl read the words:

"Jack: I have learned that you are poor. I cannot marry a poor man."

"The girl was striving to speak. But the man was before her. "That—that was all, Lucy."

Before he had finished, the girl's face was turned curiously to his.

"Jack, Jack, I didn't mean that. That was the first note I wrote. You see, that night, when I returned to the hotel, I found a letter from my aunt. She is very plain spoken. She called me a naïf—she said I was a fortune hunter."

"What?" said the man beside her. "Wait. Let me go on. I pondered over the note. There were reasons why it hurt. At last I scratched that wretched thing to end it all, and began packing, but just as I finished, just as the cab came, I began to hope. I couldn't help it."

"Lucy!" With a sharp jerk, Ford stopped the machine.

"No." The girl pushed aside the man's eager arms. "Wait until I finish—I wrote a second note, telling you the truth—about myself, and asking you, if you still cared, to come to me in New York in January. And I tore up, so I thought, the first sheet. The six months passed. In January you—didn't come."

There was much the chauffeur did not comprehend. But the lover was impatient. Again he opened his arms.

The hazel eyes looked straight into Ford's. They were misty now. "But, Jack, don't you see—"

"What, sweetheart?"

"Who I am. I thought, until just now, you were rich. From Helena and awfully rich; but you aren't—are you, dear?"

"I was masquerading, too. My aunt called me a fortune hunter; that drove me away. In real life I'm only the Adairs—nursemaid."

The enemy arms would no longer be denied. The whisper to the down-bent head of brown sounded like:

"Forlorn, you've been a foolish, foolish little girl!"

Unconquered Indian Tribe.

Of great interest are the people now living on a small island off the coast of the peninsula of Lower California, who have successfully repulsed all attempts of the white man to civilize them. They are a huge Indian race which has not yet been precisely placed by ethnologists. They wear pelican skins, hunt with primitive bows and arrows and stones, fight with their teeth and nails, and eat human flesh. The men are all said to be over six feet tall, and to possess incredible physical skill and endurance. According to one authority, a band of four can run down and capture a mountain deer, which they then kill with stones. The Seris, as they are called, have resisted over fifty attempts to conquer them, and in all the centuries since their discovery they have permitted only one white man to land and hunt on their island. He has somehow managed to win their friendship by presents of beads and clothing.

Rainbow Wonders.

The most familiar form of halo is the rainbow. When the sunlight falls on a cloud of water drops on the opposite side of the sky, a portion of it is bent completely back, and in being bent is reduced to its primitive colors. The arch of the rainbow is due to the roundness of the water drops. Rainbows can occur only when the sun is near the horizon. When the sun is high the refracted light passes overhead and is thereby rendered invisible. On occasions when the sun shines unusually bright two rainbows may be seen, one above the other.

Perhaps So.

"In the name of common sense, how can two women chatter for an hour and a half over the telephone?" asked the grouchy individual.

"I believe it is generally understood," replied the cynic, "that common sense has nothing whatever to do with a case of that kind."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Miss Marie Hale returned Sunday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

Miss Mary Ayers returned Sunday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

FOR SALE: 1 vacant lot 42½ x 96 on Highland Ave. Also a 7-room house on South 7th St., lot 150 x 75. New barn, good garden spot, chicken and coal house. Electric lights, water and gas. D. W. Proffitt. Call phone 16 or 827.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LEVEE DISTRICT BONDS.

Notice is hereby given that the Saline-Lafayette Levee District, duly incorporated by the Circuit Court of Saline County, Missouri, offers for sale the Bonds of said District to the amount of \$50,000, the proceeds thereof to be used in constructing a system of levees therein, said Bonds to be in denominations of \$500 each, and to bear interest at the rate of 6% per annum, said interest payable semi-annually on the first days of

of each year after the issuance of said Bonds; and said interest to be in the form of coupon bonds, one tenth of said Bonds are to mature on the first days of—, 1922, and one-tenth each year thereafter until fully paid.

Sealed bids for the purchase of said Bonds will be received by Levi Kramer, Secretary of the Board of Supervisors of said Levee District, whose address is Malta Bend, Missouri, R. F. D., such bids to be submitted and opened by noon of May 24, 1919, at the law office of Harvey & Bellamy, in Marshall, Saline County, Missouri, the sale thereof to be made to the highest and best bidder for said Bonds. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved, and each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check for \$500, to be returned to the unsuccessful bidder, and the check of the successful bidder to be retained, until such Bonds are delivered and paid for.

LEVI KRAMER,
Secretary of the Board of Supervisors of Saline-Lafayette Levee District, May 2, 1919, 3c.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Emilie Schaefer, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 21st day of April, 1919, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of granting said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of granting said letters, they will be forever barred.

Witness my signature on this 21st day of April, 1919.

U. G. PRETZING,
Executor.

Attested by Stephen N. Wilson, Judge of Probate for Lafayette County, Missouri.

(SEAL) April 25, 1919.

NOTICE OF MEETING FOR INCREASE OF CAPITAL STOCK.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Farmer's Co-operative Association will be held at the office of the company in Lexington, Missouri, on the 21st day of June, 1919, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of voting on the proposition then and there to be submitted to increase the Capital Stock of this company from ten thousand dollars, its present authorized capital, to forty thousand dollars.

W. P. CALLAWAY, President.
D. M. STOLL, Secretary.
THOS. GERAUGHTY, V.-Pres.
JOS. THOMAN,
J. M. HACKLER,
J. D. SLUSHER,
Directors.

April 18, 1919-June 13, 1919.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI,
COUNTY OF LAFAYETTE—ss.
In the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, To June Term 1919, at Lexington. In vacation April 16th, 1919.

Ralph H. Page and Beulah F. Page,
husband and wife, Plaintiffs

vs.
George D. Humphreys, et al.,
if dead, his unknown heirs, consorts, devisees, donees, alienees, immediate, mesne or remote, voluntary or involuntary grantees, executors or administrators, Defendants.

The State of Missouri to the above named or described defendants, greeting:

You are hereby notified that an action has been commenced against you in the Circuit Court of the County of Lafayette, in the State of Missouri, affecting the title to the following described lands and tenements, to wit: Lots numbered eight, nine, ten and eleven in block numbered six in Shelby and Co.'s Addition to the City of Waverly, Lafayette County, Missouri, which said action is returnable on the first day of the next term of said court to be held at the court house in the City of Lexington in the County and State aforesaid, on the 9th day of June, 1919, when and where you may appear and answer or otherwise defend such action; otherwise plaintiffs' petition will be taken as confessed and judgment rendered accordingly.

W. T. TUTT,
Circuit Clerk.

By **FELIX G. YOUNG,**
Deputy.

Witness my hand and seal of the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, this 16th day of April, 1919.

W. T. TUTT,
Circuit Clerk.

By **FELIX G. YOUNG,**
Deputy.